

A Choice New SONG, call'd,
She-Land, and Robinocracy.

To all Sorts of Tunes.

She-Land, the Praise of all the Earth
 Surrounded by the Waves,
 Has Thriving Land upon the East,
 On South the Land of Slaves.

The West and North has Shelves and Rocks,
 And Islands near the Shore,
 The People Rich in Trading Stocks
 Of old, but now grown poor.

This Country once had Famous Laws,
 And Liberty did Boast;
 But now o'er-run by Cackling Daws,
 Their Property is lost.

Their Government of yore well pois'd,
 Secur'd the Folks from Thrall;
 But **ROBINOCRACY**, at last,
 Spoil'd and confounded all.

'Tis fram'd of Knavish cunning Tricks,
 Hypocrisy and Fraud;
 The State loves *Gaulish* Politicks,
 The Church the Schemes of *Laud*.

Some call it boundless *Monarchy*,
 But *Gunarchy*'s the Name:
 Or rather Lawless *Anarchy*,
 Of Governments the Shame.

Sometimes a King, sometimes a Queen,
 A Serving man, or Maid;
 A Pimp, or Bawd do rule this Land
 Just as the Plot is laid.

For **ROBINOCRACY** consists
 In getting Pow'r and Gold,
 By any Method that one lists,
 Which for the time will hold.

One Day a Saint, the other Fiend
 Now true, and then a Knave;
 Boist'rous sometimes, at others kind,
 But all the Game to save.

Cameleon like it takes each Hue,
 Puts on all Shapes and Sizes,
 Brings ev'ry Month a Scheme that's new,
 But Constancy despises.

Religion a meer Stalking-Horse,
 Is in this Region made;
 'Tis *High*, or *Low*, or *None*, that's worse,
 Just as the Priests are paid.

Those Venal Souls puff'd up with Pride
 Do claim a Pow'r Divine;
 The Laymens Backs to mount and ride,
 At which none must repine.

The Firsts and Tenths are not enough
 The Clergy's Paunch to fill,
 Two Thirds at least their Bags must stuff,
 Or else they take it ill.

The Church in Danger is, they cry,
 When Priests are not in Pow'r,
 The Laymens Souls in Hell to fry,
 And Substance to devour.

The *Monarchy*'s undone, they say,
 And *Common-Wealth* takes place,
 Unless the High-Priests bear the Sway,
 And guide the Royal Race.

Thus *Bob* did teach the Fools to prate
 Till he had gain'd his Ends,
 Which was the Chief Polls of the State,
 And then he bilk'd his Friends.

They clamour'd loud he was Unjust,
 Swore he betray'd their Cause;
 And as he serv'd the *Blackbirds* first,
 So now he serv'd the *Daws*.

They lov'd to build on Steeples high,
 And 'bove the Clouds to soar,
 Control'd by none but *r—k's* Magpy,
 Yet still they're plagu'd with more.

The *Eaglet* of a *Roman* Breed
 They hop'd for long ago,
 But a *She-Vulture* in his stead,
 Continues all their Wo.

By **ROBINOCRACY**, cry they,
 We're ruin'd and undone;
 The *Blackbirds* did the Dad betray,
 And *Bob* will cheat the Son.

He hugs the Sister *O—r*,
 And fumbles her a-bed;
 Curse on the Lecher's *Gunarchy*,
 And on his *S. S—* a Trade.

We lash'd and damn'd the Rebel *W—gs*
 Until we pull'd 'em down,
 And now we're chous'd by *T—y* Prigs,
 Our Cause who dare not own.

Or rather would the Saddle keep
 Since they are got astride,
 We'll call the *Chevalier* o'er the Deep,
 And force the Rogues to hide.

Ox—d alone shall not bear Rule,
 And act the Part of *Noll*;
 We'll bait and hunt the Trait'rous Tool
 To *M—r's* great Hole.

The *W—gs* mean time do laugh and sneer,
 As they those Feuds discover,
 And hope the Clouds at last will clear,
 In Favour of *H—ver*.

Then *Jacks* and *Tories* both shall run
 To *Rome*, or else *St. Germain*,
 And in *She-Land* we shan't have one
 Of that base sort of Vermin.